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The Collector

A Current Record of Art, Bibliography, Antiquarianism, Etc.

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ALFRED TRUMBLE,
Editor and Proprietor,
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THE DRIFT OF THE DAY

MY Rotterdam correspondent notifies me of the death of the great Dutch collector, Fop Smit, Jr., of that city, of whose collection I at one time made a note in these pages. It is one of the painful penalties of life that sometime an end must come to it, and in the case of such a man as Mr. Smit, the loss to the world of collectorship is especially severe. He was a collector of the loftiest type. Commencing by simply buying pictures, he in the course of experience became a connoisseur who bought art at a standard of its highest quality. It is risking nothing to say that he formed a collection of masterpieces. No figure deterred him from the acquisition of a great picture, and no cowardice deterred him from the encouragement of unknown men, of whose merit he was convinced. A result of this latter liberal and enlightened spirit is the unique group of pictures which he assembled of the Spanish Meissonier, José Serra y Porson, the master of Fortuny, and one of the greatest and most wonderful painters of our time. Should his collection be broken up, which I believe likely, and should the sale be made in Paris, which is most probable, it will be an event to be marked in red letters in the chronicle of the great art auctions of the greatest art city of the globe. A collection is regal, indeed, which includes four grand Millets, headed by the matchless "Femme a la Lampe," two Corots of unsurpassable quality and important size; masterpieces of Rousseau, Daubigny, Dupré, Troyon, Meissonier, Jacque, and from the older schools imperial gems from the brushes of Gericault, George Morland, and the great painters of the older Holland school. There are some three hundred pictures in the Fop Smit collection, and of these the percentage of true masterpieces is exceptionally large. In point of fact, a magnificent museum of art could be founded with this collection for a centre.

I am ignorant as to what family collections Mr. Smit had, to influence the disposition of his collection. He was the son of a great ship-builder, who accumulated a large fortune in the days when the Dutch East Indiamen rivalled the fleets of the English East India Company in eastern seas. He succeeded his father in the business, went into the construction of steam vessels, and made his patrimonial fortune constantly greater. The Fop Smit line of steamers is familiar to tourists on the Maas, and his ships sailed also into the remotest seas. Through all his busy life he maintained his active interest in the current events of art, however, and probably no collector of modern times made wiser or better use of the wealth which he lavished on his collection. His liberality of taste has evidence in the fact that in his collection are several works by an American artist, H. W. Ranger. For him, truly, art had no geographical boundaries or nationalities.

I am advised from Berlin that the well-known Habich collection of old pictures will be sold by auction at Cassel, at the end of April, by Mr. H. Lempertz, of Cologne, assisted by Mr. Josef Theodore Schall, of Berlin, as expert. In order to make up for those pictures which have been bought by the National Gallery in London, and those which have been ordered to be bought by His Majesty, the Emperor of Germany, Mr. Habich will sell at the same time, not only his collection of pictures, which has been exhibited for the last ten years in the Royal Picture Gallery at Cassel, and which will still be open for public inspection until the end of April, but also all his acquisitions, which have been in his

villa up to the present. Among the latter is the celebrated portrait of Philipp II, by Titian, which with other eminent works by Franz Hals, Pieter de Hoogh, P. P. Rubens, Jacob Ruisdael, etc., will not fail to attract an interest of all the public and private picture galleries. A catalogue, illustrated with heliogravings, phototypes and etchings, by W. Unger, will be issued at the end of March, and may be had by addressing Mr. Schall, Potsdamer strasse 3, Berlin, Germany.

Your true collector, like a poet, is born, not made. Circumstances may shape his course in collectorship for him, but he must have at the bottom a natural predilection for the pleasant pursuit of picking up things, which is at once the greatest enjoyment of the collector's existence and the greatest glory of his career. It was such a collector that we lost by the death of Mr. J. Osborn Emery less than two years ago. To New Yorkers of the older generation Mr. Emery was for many years a familiar and popular personality, for he was in a manner, a prominent public character. Coming to this city nearly half a century ago, from Loudon, New Hampshire, where he was born on March 16th, 1815, he established himself in a restaurant on West street near Washington market, and he remained a caterer to the public in this most essential capacity almost to the day of his death, on August 30th, 1890. Commencing modestly, he built up a great and prosperous business, which brought him in contact with many notable people, and made him a notable person himself. In his business life he displayed in a marked degree those qualities which characterize the successful amphytrion, geniality of temperament, a hearty good humor and close and careful attention to the details of his establishment. But he still found time to become one of the great collectors of the United States.

He gravitated into collectorship in a perfectly natural way, beginning as a collector of the odd and interesting coins which came to him through his business, and in time becoming one of the most extensive and expert numismatical collectors in the country. After he had started his coin collection he began to gather books, and to these two departments he in time added that of bric-a-brac as well. He ultimately disposed of his coin collection and of his library by two auction sales in this city, and his first collection of bric-a-brac he sold to the late Dr. Woodward, of Cambridge, Mass. But once a collector always a collector, and these preliminary gatherings and dispersals only led up to his formation of the greatest and most curious and interesting collection of his lifetime. The chief feature of Mr. Emery's last collection is its watches. He had a consuming fancy for old and odd time pieces, and he accumulated them at every opportunity. He found them in out of the way places during his explorations of the city, he sought them in other cities, and acquired them at the auction sales. He was an expert in horological matters, and ferreted out many valuable rarities which would have escaped an ordinary eye. With the collection of watches naturally came that of chains, charms, seals and other ornamental appendages to these useful pocket-pieces; while opportunities for the acquisition of other objects, which so constantly offered themselves, were not neglected. The consequence was that while his watches remained the centre of interest in his collection, he grouped around them extensive collections of rings and other trinkets, rare and beautiful pieces of jeweler's work, and

many engraved and carved stones, cameos, intaglios, and the like, forming for variety, quality and artistic and historical interest, a private museum that well merits the title of unique. He even recommenced a collection of coins and medals and gathered some valuable American and foreign mintages. He secured many noble pieces of old furniture, notably a magnificent mahogany sideboard, that was once the property of Benjamin Franklin. His enthusiasm went so far that he at one time even proposed to purchase the homestead of Daniel Webster, in the vicinity of which was his own birthplace. So his useful life went on, happy in its well-earned pleasure of an innocent and intellectual indulgence of his tastes, into a venerable and venerated old age. His whole career illustrates the elevating and ennobling influences of natural taste properly directed and employed in the walks of collectorship, and when his call came, and he was summoned from among his treasures, it may well be said that the curtain fell on no life that better deserved a conclusion of that serenity and confidence born of rectitude and good will to all his kind.

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The death of Mr. Emery, shortly followed by that of his widow, has brought his collection on the market. It is to be disposed of at the auction rooms of Mr. James P. Silo, in this city, and its dispersion is certain to prove an event of the first interest to collectors throughout the country; for there is so much in it, and so great is its variety of objects, that scarcely anyone who collects at all can fail to find among its numbers something to be coveted and acquired. The sale is made by his daughter, Mrs. West, of this city, as executrix of the estate of which she is the sole heiress, and is absolutely without reserve. The collection has been carefully catalogued, with descriptions of the objects, and will extend over three sessions.

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The Gorges Society, of Portland, Me., which was established in commemoration of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, the father of English colonization in New England, has issued its circular No. 9, announcing that the fourth volume of its series of publications entitled "The Sagadahoc Colony, comprising the Relation of a voyage into New England; (Lambeth Ms.) with an introduction and notes," by the Rev. Henry O. Thayer, A. M., is now ready for delivery. This volume is of special interest and value to every student of Maine history, as it treats of the earliest attempt at colonization in New England. Mr. Thayer's work has been very thoroughly and conscientiously done, and it is the opinion of the Council that no more important work concerning Maine's early history has ever been published. The volume consists of 287 pp. from the press of Mr. Stephen Berry, and is printed to conform with the three volumes previously issued by the society. It contains nine illustrations, among them being a fac-simile of the Plan of Fort St. George, original size, especially obtained from the Archives of Spain. It will be forwarded postpaid on the receipt of Four Dollars to the members of the society as printed in each volume. Librarians and others desiring membership must agree to receive the future publications of the society at cost prices. Those desiring complete sets should make early application, as there are but fourteen sets remaining. It is further announced that vol. V will be the "Voyage into New England of 1623, by Capt. Christopher Levitt," with an introduction and notes by James Phinney Baxter, A. M.

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It should be of interest to collectors of Americana to know that the volumes of the society already published are: I. "New England's Vindication," edited by Charles E. Banks, M. D., \$2.00; II. "George Cleeve of Casco Bay, with Collateral Documents," by James P. Baxter, A. M., \$5.00; III. "Rosier's Relation of Weymouth's Voyage," edited by Henry S. Burrage, D. D., \$3.50. Communications in regard to the publications should be addressed to the treasurer of the society, Mr. H. W. Bryant, 218 Middle street, Portland, Me.

* * *

A decided romance of secretive collectorship was reported from London under the date of February 12. The dispatch called attention to a remarkable sale of jewels then in progress there. The gems were the collection made by a Miss Kate Forbes, who died recently at a great age. She professed to be a lineal descendant of King James II, and spent most of her time in the lonely apartments which she occupied in the Chester House at Wimbledon, poring over old pedigrees and imitating as well as she could the ways of royalty. It was supposed that she was in very moderate circumstances, but after her death it was discovered that she possessed a fine collection of pearls and other jewels, as well

as historically valuable enamels, coins, etc. The executors ordered the property disposed of at auction, and the sale lasted a week. Many of the valuable articles forming the collection were found in out-of-the-way places, hidden in the coach house, stuffed into chimneys and other queer nooks. The value of the property may be judged from the fact that a Bond street trader paid a total of £15,815 on the first day for a few lots of pearls. Another lot of pearls on silk brought £4,600, a necklet, £5,000, and three ear drops, £550. At one day's sale two George IV snuff boxes brought £142 and £235 respectively; a diamond necklet £1,700, and four emeralds £620. It is said that according to the terms of Miss Forbes' will, the proceeds of the sale are to be devoted to the furtherance of the Jacobite cause in England, if the executors can find any such cause to be furthered. What a chance for a new Pretender!

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Mr. Robert Shiells, of Neenah, Wis., has published, with the imprint of John Ireland, 1197 Broadway, New York, a work which no numismatist can afford to miss in his library. Its title is "The Story of the Token, as belonging to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper," and it is a distinguished monument, even in its small shape, to the enthusiasm and research of a numismatist of the true fire. I might quote half a dozen pages of THE COLLECTOR from Mr. Shiells's book, but to be just to him and to his publisher, I must simply commend it for purchase. I may add, however, that in its admirable chaptering and the simple, strong English of its diction, it reads more like a story than a scientific and archeological essay. The author, by the bye, is a prominent figure in numismatical circles. He is a collector of fine discretion, and is a member by correspondence of the American Numismatist and Antiquarian Society of this city.

* * *

It is always with pleasure that I revert to our Numismatic and Antiquarian Society. It is the powerful foundation for a great association of the future, and one which no city in America but this could produce. The members of the society include men of all callings and professions, and most of them, if not all, are collectors of other objects than those which come under the numismatical schedule. Their club room is the scene of some of the most enjoyable and elevating assemblages ever held on the Continent, and I would advise readers of this paper, away from New York as well as in the city, to communicate with the Room Committee for information. The committee consists of Messrs. Bauman L. Belden, Charles H. Wright and Herbert Valentine, and any of these gentlemen may be addressed at the society's rooms, 101 East 20th street, New York City.

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I am in receipt, from my old friend, Jan von Chelminski, in London, of a catalogue of his exhibition at the Continental Gallery of which I recently made a brief note. There are over sixty-eight pictures in the catalogue, which is excellently illustrated. Eight years ago M. von Chelminski visited New York, and I question if any foreign artist ever made more friends than he among us. He is a Pole of the refined type of the old nobility, nervous, sensitive, an artist to his toenails, as Heine once put it, and of an original ability of the first order. I note by the introduction to his catalogue that he is now established in London, at the Warwick Studios, in Kensington.

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Quite a series of years ago there was, in Philadelphia, a Polish Jew who dealt in pictures. He had a store on Chestnut street, and up-stairs let rooms to artists. A number of clever men were at various times sheltered there, paying their rent in pictures, which Gabrielwitz disposed of through the auction sales. Among these was a young man who was said to be a divinity student turned painter, and whose name was Howard Helmick. He lived a sort of anchorite's life in his studio, and was considered talented.

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After many years spent abroad as student and successful painter, Mr. Helmick has come back to us freighted with well-won honors. He has his studio in Washington, I believe, but his pictures crop up in our exhibitions, and at the galleries of Reichard & Co., on Fifth avenue, you may now see a little series of water colors by him which are simply delicious examples of a cheery and refinedly humorous genre. I do not recall any man in America who exhibits such a symmetrical combination of the literary and the artistic spirit in his works. Generally, when a picture tells a definite story, a certain amount of artistic quality is sacrificed in it. On the other hand, we are given skillful technique lavished on in-

significant subjects. Mr. Helmick, however, presents to us pictures of real life, realized with vivid force, in which his artistic methods properly supplement his methods of thought. The ghosts of Wilkie and Mulready might well enjoy this art of their successor.

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The pictures in the Reichard Galleries, for instance, are a series of subjects from Irish peasant life, of which Mr. Helmick has made a special study. In one we see the hedge-schoolmaster, piping away on his flute after hours, while a poor little dunce who has been crowned with a foolscap and kept in, sits perched upon his anxious seat in a corner, and revels in his tutor's rehearsal of his musical powers. In another the Squireen stalks into a shebeen as if he owned it, and the movements and expression of the other figures are superb. One girl dusts a chair for him. Another fetches down the biggest ale-mug from the wall. An old chap who might own his estate, and probably does, rises to greet him with hypocritical obsequiousness. And there stands the Squireen, a type of his class and kind, the lord of this miserable domain. A group of women plucking turkeys for the market is full of life. Each type is distinct, from the red-haired and the black-haired girls to the withered crones who squabble at each other over their work. Here we have a cottager broiling a red herring on a fork over a turf fire, and two pictures represent a man working for himself and for his master. In the former case, he is lustily digging on a potato row. In the latter, he sits on a barrow in a park, puffing at his dhudeen, with his neglected work all around him. I specify these subjects because each picture is perfectly artistic in execution, while it conveys the tale of itself like an open page of a book. Throughout these pictures runs a vein of that gayety with which the Irish poor, even in their uttermost misery and destitution, relieve the melancholy of their laborious lives. They are character studies of the truest kind, as well as artistic productions of the first order, and Mr. Reichard, who has always been active in introducing new native talent at his Galleries, has never shown us one more interesting or more worthy of popular recognition and support.

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There should be an attendance from our public art museums at the sale of the Schaus collection next week. Among the fifty-seven works in the catalogue are a number of capital gallery pieces of great value to the art student and as public educators. Such, for instance, are the magnificent still life by Vollon, a really wonderful work, in which the art of the painter gives a pumpkin, an iron soup pot and a brass pan the first importance; and the great Aimé Morot "El Bravo Toro." This latter work, a critical episode of a bull-fight, was one of the sensations of the Salon of 1885, and has been sought by the French Government for the Luxembourg collection since its purchase by Mr. Schaus. Nothing could be finer or more characteristic than the contrast between the impassive spectators on the seats and the group in the foreground, in which the savage bull, with its feet on a horse which it has just killed, gores another while the rider, rising out of his stirrups, essays to reach the gallant brute's heart with his lance. The essential spirit of the brutal and fascinating sport is concentrated in this picture. The painting is as superb as the conception and arrangement. Charming in character and sound in art in another direction are the "Beatrice" of Lefebvre, and the two noble full length figures by Jacquet, "Reverie" and "Joan of Arc Praying for France," while the Cabanel, "Portia, Nerissa and Bassanio," in the casket scene of "The Merchant of Venice," is the most convincing work which the artist has sent us. From such canvases as these the student might acquire invaluable lessons in technique, while to the public they make the double appeal of interest, of subject and of execution.

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Another important canvass in the Schaus collection is Ludwig Knaus's "Death of the Count of Helfenstein." This is a scene from the War of the Peasants in 1525. Weinsberg, with its strong Castle Weibertreu, which was defended by one of the most valiant knights of those times, Count Ludwig von Helfenstein, a favorite of Ferdinand of Austria, was the first point exposed to the ferocious attacks of the peasants in that black period. The rage of the army of helots knew no bounds when their demand for the surrender of the castle was met with scorn. The body of peasants, numbering about 8,000, made a violent assault upon the place, and having gained access through a door, treacherously opened, they began a terrible massacre among the defenders. In vain did the wife of the Count of Helfenstein, a natural daughter of Maximilian II., kneel before the leaders and beg for the life of her husband; in vain did the Count himself offer a ransom of 30,000 florins; "and if thou wouldst give us two tons of gold, thou

must die anyway," they sneeringly cried at him. When the Count saw no hope for mercy he threw himself despairingly on the spears of the peasants; while his companions in arms were also compelled to run the gauntlet of lances and pipes, amid the music of drums and pipes. The Countess Helfenstein, after being robbed of her jewels, was thrown on a dung-cart and carried to Heilbronn, and the castle was sacked and partially destroyed. The scene, as it is realized by the artist, is a vivid reproduction of the descriptions of history, full of character and spirit. It is, as far as I can recall, the only historical composition by Knaus in this country.

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Another picture of studious importance is the "Port of Ostend," by Andreas Achenbach. It shows the houses of the town on the right, on a stormy day, with vessels on the roughened water, and is of a splendid quality of handling. The "Biton and Cleobis," by Carl von Stetten, has already been described in this paper. It is a charming realization of an antique legend. Biton and Cleobis were the sons of Cydippe, a priestess of Hera, at Argos. Herodotus, who has recorded their beautiful story, makes Solon relate it to Croesus, as a proof that it is better for mortals to die than to live. "On one occasion," says Herodotus, "during the festival of Hera, when the priestess had to ride to the temple of the Goddess in a chariot, and when the oxen which were to draw it did not arrive from the country in time, Biton and Cleobis dragged the chariot with their mother, a distance of 45 stadia, to the temple. The priestess, moved by the filial love of her sons, prayed to the Goddess to grant them what was best for mortals. After the solemnities of the festival were over, the two brothers went to sleep in the temple and never rose again. "The Goddess thus showed," says Herodotus, in his wise old way, "that she could bestow no greater boon upon them than death." As a lesson in landscape painting nothing could possibly be more effective for the student than "The Château of Landon," by Alexandre Defaux, the greatest of the pupils of Corot, and the most individual. This is a scene, on a spring afternoon, so full of nature that it seduces the eye with a substantial charm.

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Two examples show the distinguished German painter, Uhde, in his two productive conditions. One is "The Seamstresses," which won him a medal at the Salon ten or a dozen years ago; the other "Going Home," a recent work. The styles are diametrically opposite, yet the art of each picture is honest and sound. Taken together the two canvases are a significant illustration of the manner in which an artist of great and original gifts develops himself, and changes his methods of thinking and working with experience. A notable study of still life is the picture of the famous crystal pitcher and other objects from the Louvre collection, by Desgoffe, and of broad and solid execution is the "Othello Relating His Adventures" to Brabantio and his daughter, by Benjamin Constant. Another type of the jealous Moor in the collection is the "Othello with the Handkerchief," in bronze and marble, by Pietro Calvi. This, and "The Song of the Shirt," a beautiful statuette by Marshall Wood, are the only pieces of sculpture in the sale.

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A new journal has been launched in Boston under the title of *The Knight Errant*. It is the venture of sundry men, having no object other than to provide a place for the deliberate criticism of the arts of literature, painting, architecture, sculpture, music, the drama and craftsmanship, working without hope, or indeed, desire of pecuniary return. While the editors seek the co-operation of subscribers towards the end of floating their magazine, the publication of *The Knight Errant* is not a commercial undertaking, "nor do its editors seek for it wide popularity, nor yet will it be representative, save in so far as it may voice ideals else well nigh inaudible in the current din." *The Knight Errant* will be issued quarterly. It will be printed in royal quarto form, with liberal margins, from a special type, upon a hand-made, natural-edged linen paper, made expressly for it, and will be free from advertisements of any kind. Each number will, it is hoped, contain at least one plate. It will be the aim of both proprietors and printers to render it in every respect as perfect a piece of printing as may be possible. For the first year the issue will be limited to five hundred numbered copies, but the proprietors reserve the right to increase the issue at the beginning of the second year, should this seem advisable. The expenses of publication are assumed by forty guarantors, who have pledged the entire cost of the first year's issue; but it is hoped that sufficient support will be received in the way of subscriptions to justify its continued publication. *The Knight Errant* will be mailed flat, between boards,

to subscribers in America, for three dollars a year, in advance; to subscribers in England, for thirteen shillings.

The total cash product of the sale of Mr. J. Abner Harper's collection of pictures at Chickering Hall last week was over \$75,000. This was about \$30,000 less than the total of Mr. Harper's first sale, in 1880, when the number of pictures was also fewer. One of the interesting features of the sale was that it brought into notice a new collector, Mr. W. S. Kimball, of Rochester, N. Y. Other buyers at the sale were J. N. Slater, of Providence, R. I.; Frederick D. Layton, of Milwaukee; R. S. Barnes, of Brooklyn; John W. Aitkin, A. S. Barber, Charles C. Canfield, H. H. Perkins, William Demuth, T. B. Clarke, W. H. Fuller, C. H. Woodbury, F. Jacobi, Frederick Bonner and John W. Mitchell, of Milwaukee.

One "connoisseur" who honored the Harper sale by his presence was that more or less distinguished peddler of the fine arts "Colonel" Gross. His little difficulty with the custom house does not appear to weigh very heavily on the "Colonel." His belly is quite as frog-like and his tongue quite as limber as of yore. His friend, Mr. Ludovico Spiridon, was not among the bidders. Probably Mr. Spiridon knows a better dodge than buying genuine pictures at genuine prices in an auction room.

Apropos de bottles, the recent seizure of sixty odd paintings by the custom house authorities and their subsequent appraisal, revealed, as I predicted it would, for the hundredth time the fraud that is being continually practiced upon American buyers. These paintings had been smuggled into the country, and they all bore the names of famous French artists, but it was found upon examination that none of them were genuine, and paintings that were at first supposed to be worth from \$1,000 to \$5,000 each came from the appraisal room valued at \$20, \$30 and \$50 each. A very great deal of this work has been done for some years. Of course this sort of trash cannot be bought through reputable dealers, but it is disposed of in two ways. The usual plan is to carry them into the chief cities of the country, where the daubs are offered, never more than two or three at a time, to persons who are known as buyers, who are tempted by the price which is somewhat under what a genuine painting by the artist ought to sell for, and assured by the glib salesman that its authenticity is "guaranteed." The other way is to put them into auction houses, and the chief of this sort of trade is confined to two or three streets north of the Stock Exchange, and on Broadway. At these sales one artist is never overcrowded, there being usually a single Corot—one of the easiest of painters to imitate—a Diaz, a Rousseau, and so on, and the voluble auctioneer always guarantees them as genuine, frequently offering to deposit \$1,000 in some bank to make the guarantee good. But what is such an offer good for? If there should be a contest it would have to be carried into court, and the dealer could produce as many "experts" to pronounce it genuine as could be brought by the other side to prove the opposite. The very fact that a Corot, a Troyon or a Daubigny is knocked down for \$100 or \$150 ought to be sufficient notice to a person of ordinary intelligence that it is a fraud.

Speaking of sales, a remarkably gamey, not to say putrid, "collection of old masters," alleged to be from the estate of Baron von Marschall, of Vienna, who, according to reports, died two years ago, was sold at auction last month, by A. Schwab at 124 Second avenue. The Baron's son, Victor, who, according to the same report, has been in this country for some time, was conspicuous among the few bidders. In fact, he bid in all the best-looking "old masters" and kicked for having to do so, because of the commissions. Few of the old paintings, or rather the old-looking ones, had the names of the artists on them, nor were they given in the catalogue. Many of these brought a few dollars more than some of those attributed to the most famous masters of the German, French, Italian, Dutch and Spanish schools. Mixed in with the old pictures were a lot of new ones, such as are commonly referred to at auction sales as shanghais. The pictures sold for all sorts of prices from \$1 to \$100. Some were bid in at much larger prices, notably by the original owner. Two alleged Vandykes, "The Ascension," and "The Assumption," sold for \$82.50 and \$50 respectively. What the auctioneer announced as "a genuine hand-painted Rubens" entitled "Pan," which, it is said, originally cost \$800, was bought in by Mr. Marschall for \$20, no other bid being made. Twenty-two 6 by 4 water colors sold for \$3.25 each, and a "Crucifixion," alleged to have been painted by Titian, sold for \$37.50. Mr. Marschall bought it. He also bought all the rest of the "old masters" put up. A more bare-faced humbug in this line I certainly never witnessed.

In *Le Don Quichotte* of February 14th appears a capital caricature by Ch. Gilbert Martin apropos of Comstockism in Paris—a subject which my Paris correspondent has touched upon for THE COLLECTOR. For centuries it has been customary for the officials of the smaller provincial villages of France to offer, at a certain period each year, a prize or award to the girl who has proven herself the most virtuous of the community. These innocents are called *rosières*. We have seen them before toggled out in the same garb of chastity, though on another mission, in Jules Breton's "Communicants." Martin's cartoon shows us M. M. Jules Simon and Frédéric Passy, immaculate in white garments and long veils, posed against a colossal fig-leaf. The satire is admirable and to the point—for intelligent people—although its essence would, probably, not penetrate the skulls of the bullock-brained zealots who support prurient Morality by Act of Legislature in this country.

An interesting volume at Mr. Bouton's is "Autour de Paris," a folio covering the suburbs of the city, written by Louis Barron and illustrated with 500 drawings by G. Fraipont. A curiosity at the same house is the latest, and probably the last, of the series of tales called "Les Voluptueuses," by Jean Larocque, which are published anonymously in Paris. This special volume is entitled "Louvette," and the fact that it is filthy enough to sell for £10 a copy in London ought certainly to insure its distribution here.

According to the New York *Sun*, a bill prohibiting to private individuals in Italy the sale and export of rare old paintings to foreigners abroad was passed by the Italian Parliament about three weeks ago. The new law is stated in five paragraphs. The first provides for an annual appropriation of \$100,000 for the purchase of old works of art from private persons. The second appropriates \$30,000 more from the proceeds of the exhibitions in the public galleries. The third paragraph appropriates \$10,000 annually for the preservation of the works of art bought under the two preceding paragraphs, and the rest of the law enumerates the severe penalties which are to be inflicted on persons selling works of old masters to foreign buyers.

The history behind this law is long and peculiar. Italian noblemen began to feel the pressure of heavy debts more than seventy years ago and to seek relief in selling many treasures of art from their family galleries. Thus, in 1822 and 1824 the Bourbons were constrained to make a prohibitory law against such practices in Naples, and in 1839 the provisions of the law were extended to Sicily. In the kingdom of Italy the sale of rare articles from galleries, libraries and collections of antiques of all kinds was forbidden by the law of June 28, 1878, for all cases where family property had been entailed, and somewhat later the sending abroad of similar treasures was made illegal, unless the export was specially approved by the Government.

All these laws failed, more or less, of their object. From time to time the Government learned that this or that painting or statue had been smuggled over the border, to appear in the gallery of some French, German or English collector. Attention was directed to that practice eventually by the loss of the Cæsar Borgia portrait, supposed to be a Raphael. That picture disappeared from the gallery of the insolvent Prince Borghese, was taken over the border to France in a trunk with a double bottom, and shortly afterward was placed in the gallery of Baron Rothschild in Paris. That was bad enough, despite the reflections cast on the genuineness of the Raphael, but not the worst.

Prince Sciarra-Colonna, in trying to raise himself from a slough of debt about a year ago, negotiated with a foreign picture dealer for the sale of his gallery. His domestic creditors got wind of his purpose and appealed to the courts that they might satisfy their claims by seizing his pictures at once. The Prince produced documents proving that his forefathers had entailed the property and that it must remain, according to the provisions of the founders, forever in the possession of the family. Therewith, it was thought, the danger was at an end and the paintings were safe. Nevertheless, the Ministry of Education had an unacknowledged fear that the Prince might try to smuggle out of the country the gems of his art collection and offered him \$500,000 for eight pictures, including a Raphael, a Titian, and a Caravaggio. The Prince refused the offer and asked \$200,000 for the Raphael alone. The State reminded him that the documents he had produced against his creditors showed that he could not sell the gallery or a picture from it to private individuals. The Prince answered that there

were no such documents, and, sure enough, they had disappeared. Legal proceedings and friendly negotiations, in tangled complication with each other, continued month after month until a short time ago, when it was rumored that the Prince had cut the knot by smuggling off the eight pictures in question. The Government took charge of the gallery and discovered that the rumor was founded on fact. Not only had the \$200,000 Raphael disappeared, but there were missing also Titian's "The Gamblers" and "A Beautiful Woman," Leonardo da Vinci's "Modesty and Vanity," Perugino's "St. Sebastian," and a Magdalen by Guido Reni. The State threatened the Prince with arrest if he did not reveal the fate of the pictures, but he refused. Then the Minister of Education, Villari, brought into Parliament the bill which has just become a law. Whether Prince Sciarra-Colonna will be frightened by the penalty of six to ten months' imprisonment prescribed by the law, and what has become of the paintings for which the State is searching, remain to be ascertained.

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Another phase of the same business is the smuggling of valuable ancient books and manuscripts out of the country. This goes on constantly, with the connivance of corrupt priests who have the guardianship of the great monastic collections. It is a notorious fact that almost any book in the Vatican Library, for instance, can be acquired by you or me, provided we can pay enough for it and know to whom to entrust the contract of filching it.

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It is of interest to state that the business of the firm of Geo. Kirchner & Co. has taken the legal title the Franz Hanfstaengl Fine Art Publishing House, limited, and that it will continue the business at the old location. In addition to its own publications, favorably known all over the world, embracing the best works of the modern masters, reproduced in art photograph, photogravure, aquarellgravure, etc., and the art treasures of the galleries in Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Cassel, Amsterdam, Hague, Brussels, as well as fine art books, the house represents Mr. Fred. Bruckmann, Munich, and other firms in this line, thus making its establishment the headquarters for the prominent European art publishers' productions. The management of the business is vested in Mr. Arnold C. Rank, for many years partner of the firm of Geo. Kirchner & Co., and well known to the trade who, assisted by Mr. A. Gerbel, will use his best efforts not only to maintain, but to extend the favorable reputation of the old house.

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I read in the *Evening Post* of Chicago that Professor Halsey C. Ives, chief of the Art Department of the Columbian Exposition, has returned from a six months' trip in Europe in the interest of his department. He visited nearly every country of the old world and every city that can be called an art center. Everywhere he found the most active interest in the success of the art section of the fair and secured the hearty co-operation of the leading artists of Europe. "I have every reason," said Professor Ives to a *Post* reporter, "to feel well satisfied with the prospect for the exhibit of foreign art. I believe that we will have at the Columbian exposition the most comprehensive, and at the same time the most excellent, exhibit of the art productions of different nations that was ever collected. Countries that were scarcely represented at former expositions will have at Chicago a full exhibit of their best works to illustrate their highest artistic achievements, while the larger countries will exhibit their art treasures as they never have done before. The feeling of artists everywhere in Europe is one of deep interest in their department of this exposition. They were cordial in their reception and offers of assistance, and it was no trouble whatever to secure their hearty co-operation in the work of collecting an exhibit of the art of various countries. My trip throughout was highly satisfactory, and I think we may safely count on a larger and better display of art than any former exposition has been able to show."

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"The first country I visited after leaving London," Mr. Ives went on, "was France, where, with the traveling exposition commissioners, I met Antonin Proust, the president of the French commission. M. Proust told me that it was his ambition and his aim to have at Chicago a larger and finer collection of French art works than was shown at the Paris exposition of 1889. If there is any man able to accomplish that work that man is M. Proust. He also expressed a desire that not only the leading living artists of France be completely represented, but that there might be also a retrospective exhibit of French art from the choicest works obtainable. Many of the best French art gems belong to American collectors and from these owners M. Proust hopes to be able to secure them. From Paris I went to Holland, where I met and had many conferences with the leading artists of the country, in-

cluding Mesdag, the greatest landscape artist of Europe, Israels and several others. They were as enthusiastic as the French had been and promised all possible assistance in the collection of a representative exhibit of Dutch art. Mesdag told me that he wanted Dutch art shown at its best and that he would spare no pains to make the exhibit the best the country could furnish. Brussels was the next point touched, and the reception by artists there was a hearty repetition of what it had been at the other cities visited. I went also to Gothenburg in Sweden during the time of the exhibit of Swedish art. The artists there will send us valuable collections and an attractive and representative exhibit. From the artists of Italy I expect we will receive some magnificent works. I feel well assured that we shall have a splendid showing from all the societies of Italian artists. There is a strong disposition among all of them to see the splendid art of their country adequately represented at Chicago. The artists of all other countries are equally enthusiastic, and on the whole I have reason to feel satisfied with the prospects of the department. Throughout all my travels I met among artists and all others a spirit of enthusiasm and kind offers of co-operation in the work of collecting exhibits for the foreign department of arts."

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Mr. Charles M. Kurtz, the assistant director of the Art Department, has also returned to Chicago from this city where his work in organizing the artists met unfavorable and undue criticism from one of the leading newspapers—the *New York Herald*. These criticisms voiced the sentiments of but very few of the eastern artists, those most prominent giving hearty indorsement to the arrangements that were made. "The first advisory committee I appointed in New York," said Mr. Kurtz, "included the names of leading artists suggested by Mr. Ives. They are Eastman Johnson, R. Swain Gifford, William M. Chase, H. Bolton Jones, F. D. Millet, Augustus St. Gaudens and J. O. A. Ward. These men were selected for their peculiar fitness, their art knowledge, their ability and standing as artists and men. The aim in their selection was the formation of a committee of strong character, irrespective of art society connections. The committeemen held a meeting soon after their appointment, and it was then explained that their duties and powers would be outlined by Mr. Ives. At a subsequent meeting of the boards of control of the various art societies, called by Mr. Wood and well attended by artists of prominence, the New York advisory committee appointed was voted formal indorsement. Since this meeting many artists and others have expressed their approval of the committee. In Boston the committee appointed was also unanimously approved. It fully represents the artists of Massachusetts and includes F. P. Vinton, J. J. Enneking, J. Foxcroft Cole, E. C. Tarbel and I. M. Gangengigl."

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The position which the daily newspapers of New York have taken against the Chicago Exposition is simply disgraceful. They have, with only a couple of honorable exceptions, maligned and belittled this great and generous effort of a city which comes a great deal nearer being the metropolis of the United States in location and public spirit than New York; and simply for the reason that a greedy political clique could not make millions out of having the Exposition in this city. I have seen all the great International Expositions since that of Vienna, and I believe that ours in Chicago will overtop them all; and I believe, moreover, that it will give us a dignified standing before the world which we have never enjoyed before. The scandalous perversions of the New York press, therefore, irritate my sense of self-respect, for I know that they do not represent the sentiments of the people of this city. With a lot of pliable editors blackguarding Chicago in print, and a lot of venal politicians repeating the performance in the State Legislature, no one need be surprised to see the Empire State come out at the small end of the horn in the great show on the shores of Lake Michigan.

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Chicago seems to have progressed sufficiently to form another association of artists. The Chicago Society of Artists is a fairly prosperous body, having a representative membership of the profession and giving exhibitions from time to time in its permanent Galleries in the Athenæum Building, on Adams street, half a block distant from the Art Institute. The women artists of the city have an organization, the Palette Club, which contains about all the women who strictly can be called artists. It has no rooms of its own. Its meetings have been held usually in the studios of its members. Its exhibitions have been creditable, in some respects, a few years ago, being superior to those of the Society of Artists, which does not admit women to membership. The latter, how-

ever, has been advancing with marked strides of late, its membership being augmented by artists who are coming to the city, drawn thither, no doubt, in great measure, by the activities of the Columbian Exposition. The new society, known as the Cosmopolitan Art Club, is formed principally for exhibition purposes. There is no intention of those composing it in any way to antagonize the older, and most of the members of the new are also active supporters of the old body. It is entirely informal and is not a social club, but a coming together of a small group of artists for advancement strictly in the line of their profession. It will have but one officer, a secretary. All pictures which are chosen for exhibition must secure the unanimous approval of the whole organization. Its name is well chosen, as among the members are Italians, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Swedes, Germans and Americans. We may look upon the new society as something unique, and will wait for its promised exhibits with awakened interest.

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The sale of the Paulig collection at the American Art Galleries again showed that old masters at auction are a drug on the market here. This collection contained some excellent works. The authenticity of most of the pictures was not to be disputed. Yet the result of the entire auction was less than \$5,000. Somebody got bargains in the Frans Porbus at \$150, Solomon Koninck's portrait of an old nobleman at \$80, and Van der Meer's lovely little landscape at \$70, not to mention the fine Van Goyen, the two strong heads by Tiepolo, and a long line of other sacrifices. Properly handled at private sale the collection would have brought much more.

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A master-hand in the literature which comes under the head of Americana has ceased from labor in that of Dr. John Dawson Gilmary Shea, who died last month at Elizabeth, N. J., where he had his home. Dr. Shea was born in New York City on July 22, 1824, and was baptized John Dawson Shea. Being a delicate and nervous child, his father, saying that he was more like a girl than a boy, gave him the nickname of Mary. After he grew up he still retained the name of Mary, prefixing the Irish Gil (servant) to it. At the age of thirteen, having passed a successful examination for admission to college, he entered the office of a Spanish merchant, and there learned to speak and write Spanish with fluency. In 1838, being then fourteen, he made his first venture in the field of literature, and wrote an article on Cardinal Albornog for *The Young People's Catholic Magazine*. Archbishop Hughes criticised it in *The Freeman's Journal* to the great delight of the author. Leaving the merchant's office Mr. Shea read law and was admitted to the bar in 1846.

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Having his attention called in youth to the Catholic missions among the native tribes, and as a member of the New York Historical Society, having access to its well-stored library, he began to collect material from all available sources for this as well as for the general history of the Catholic Church in the United States. The result was a series of articles in *The United States Catholic Magazine*. The first fruits of his studies and of the valuable unpublished material which he had gathered was a volume devoted to the "Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley," New York, 1853. He was at once recognized as one of the historical scholars of the country, and was made an honorary member of the Wisconsin Historical Society, corresponding member of the Massachusetts and Maryland Historical Societies, and in time of nearly every historical society in the United States, Canada, and of similar organizations abroad, vice-president for New Jersey of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, and in 1883 was made an honorary member of the Royal Academy of History, Madrid, being the only American who ever received this honor. Dr. Shea was one of the founders of the United States Catholic Historical Society in 1884.

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He published in 1860 the first of a series, fifteen volumes of grammars and dictionaries of Indian languages, entitled "Library of American Linguistics," several of which he edited and prepared. The articles on Indian tribes in "Appleton's Cyclopædia" are all from the pen of Dr. Shea. With the sanction of Cardinal McCloskey he reprinted the original edition of Challoner's Bible of 1740, comparing the text three times with the Vulgate. Dr. Shea also wrote in 1854 "History of the Catholic Missions Among the Indian Tribes of the United States," "Early Voyages Up and Down the Mississippi" (1862), "Life of Pius IX" (1877), "Catholic Churches in New York City" (1878), "The Hierarchy of the Catholic Church in the United States" (1886), and he is the author of some important chapters in Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History"

(1886). Beginning in 1858, he edited for eight years the *Historical Magazine*, and he wrote many articles for publications of historical societies, and for *The Metropolitan and Catholic World*, and was a constant contributor to *The American Catholic Quarterly*. Of his translations and publications, many of which are private, the most important are "Novum Belgium," an account of New Netherland in 1643-44 (New York, 1862); "The Operations of the French Fleet Under Count de Grasse" (1864); a translation of "Charlevoix's History and General Description of New France," with extensive notes (six volumes, 1866); a translation of "De Courcey's Catholic Church in the United States" (1856); "Washington's Private Diary" (1861); "Golden's History of the Five Indian Nations," edition of 1727 (1866); "Alsop's Maryland" (1869); "Hennepin's Description of Louisiana" (1880); "Le Clercy's Establishment of the Faith" (1881); "Penalosa's Expedition" (1882); "Life of Father Isaac Jogues" (1885); and prayer-books and school histories. In the early part of 1888 he assumed the editorship of *The Catholic News*, and remained in charge of that paper until his death. A few months ago he resigned the editorship of the magazine of the United States Historical Society, so that he might devote more time to the "History of the Catholic Church in the United States." This work consists of five volumes. Three have already been published; the fourth is in press, and the material for the fifth was almost ready for the printer's hands. It will be edited, and the life-work of the great Catholic historian will be finished by other hands.

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During a long period when he was at the editorial head of the Frank Leslie publications I came to know and esteem this singular and superior gentleman of letters, as a litterateur, a collector and a man. He leaves a large and valuable library of over 12,000 volumes, which is rich in Indian linguistics, early and rare editions of works pertaining to the history of America, especially of the Catholic Church, and also many unique manuscripts, both original and copies. The sale of his books will be an event in the annals of New York bibliography.

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Mr. Appleton Morgan, the president of the New York Shakespeare Society, has interestingly sketched the Shakespeare societies in the city of New York, of which there have been eight in all. The first, organized by Major Andre, in the winter of 1779-80, called "The New York Shakespeare Society," was probably an association for the getting up of private theatricals among the officers of the garrison. A second was organized in 1787, and held its sessions at the house of its president, Robert Benson, near St. Paul's Church, on Broadway. The third, called the Shakespeare Society, was organized in 1852 at the College Hotel, better known as Sanderson's Hotel, which stood at what is now No. 28 Murray street, and had on its roll of membership, Richard Grant White, Charles Gayler, Guilian C. Verplanck, William Rufus Blake, Frederick I. Cozens, George William Curtis and William E. Burton, its first and only president. The record-book of this society is in the possession of a member of the present New York Shakespeare Society. It shows that Washington Irving declined membership in a pleasant letter, but that Lord Ellesmere, Mary Cowden Clark and others accepted honorary memberships with thanks. It held meetings, always at dinners, regularly until Saturday, August 23, 1853, when, at Snedeker's Tavern, in Jamaica, L. I., the record abruptly ceases. A society called "The Shakespeare Society of New York City," dated from April 23, 1873. George Edgar was its president, and Judge Rufus B. Cowing was a director. Its corporate objects appear to have been the founding of a Shakespeare Library and the enlargement of Shakespearean knowledge among its members. The next and the oldest Shakespeare Society at present extant, is the Fortnightly Shakespeare Club. It was founded by Mrs. Anna Randall-Diehl, in 1875, who has been president of the Fortnightly for sixteen years, thus antedating the present Shakespeare Society of New York by exactly ten years. Besides this, there are also at present in the city the Shakespeare Club of New York City, of which F. G. Smedley is president, and the Avon Club, of which Mrs. Lozier, also president of Sorosis, is president. There are thus at present four flourishing Shakespeare societies in the city of New York, all earnest, zealous and doing good work in the heartiest accord.

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No man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre, and even the unique and irrepressible Whistler is evidently not a demi-god in the eyes of his own relations. "I stayed with my cousin, James Whistler, the artist, when I was in London last summer," says a San Francisco lady, "and I must say that he is a most curious individual. He is a thorough bohemian and does the oddest and queerest

things imaginable. He comes down to breakfast in knee-breeches, silk stockings and shoes with large buckles and the funniest sorts of coats. He is decidedly eccentric. His house at Chelsea is called 'the White House,' and is painted in the most abominable colors. It is really an eyesore, but Cousin James thinks it is very artistic. You would never imagine that he was an American. He and all his brothers are thorough Johnnie Bulls. He was born in Baltimore, and the Whistlers that are in the army are our relatives. One brother in London is quite a famous doctor, but is totally dissimilar in taste and habits to Cousin James."

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Greater persons than his California cousin set higher store upon Mr. Whistler, however. The purchase of his "Portrait of My Mother" by the French Government, for the Luxembourg, is a significant commentary on the estimation in which his art is held by those who know what art is. Apropos of Whistler, Mr. G. W. Smalley, in the *Tribune*, recently recorded another of those outbreaks of his which, for all the eccentricity on their surface, have always a solid foundation of sound sense. "Mr. Whistler," writes Mr. Smalley, "has had the courage to tackle the picture dealer, a personage now all but supreme in the world of art. He writes to the press that the canvas shown as a completed work of his by Messrs. Dowdeswell, representing three draped figures in a conservatory, is a painting long ago barely begun and thrown aside for destruction. 'I think it not only just to myself,' adds Mr. Whistler, 'to make this statement, but right that the public should be warned against the possible purchase of a picture in no way representative, and, in its actual state, absolutely worthless.' These be brave words, my masters. The firm in question is what is called a respectable firm; not of the highest rank, if rank is to be measured by the greatness of the sums they habitually bid at Christie's, or by a resolve to drive all private purchasers away from the auction room and compel them to come to the dealer himself and pay the dealer's price. That is not the specialty of this particular firm. But they are important enough to make Mr. Whistler's defiance of them an act very creditable to him. They have often exhibited for him in times past; theirs is the gallery where people might naturally expect to find such an artist as Mr. Whistler."

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The ovation to Mr. Whistler planned by his artist friends in London took place a short time ago after much preparation. The artists came in force and presented to their guest a parchment bearing 100 signatures and offering "greeting to James M'Neil Whistler, Esq., from his fellow-members of the Chelsea Arts Club, a record of their high appreciation of the distinguished honor that has come to him by the placing of his mother's portrait in the national collection of France." In the course of his speech of thanks Mr. Whistler took the opportunity to remark that "at such a time of peace, following in the wake of the struggles and difficulties one encounters through life, it was right to bury the hatchet—in the side of the enemy, and leave it to think of him no more." He said also: "I am pleased to be thus distinguished at the beginning of my career, for, you know, an artist's career always begins to-morrow." Mr. Whistler has made another of the "Songs on Stone" which he undertook a year ago for the erratic paper called *The Whirlwind* published by two feather-brained young English politicians. *The Whirlwind* having spent itself, the present lithograph is issued as a supplement to the first number of a new English monthly, *The Albemarle*. It is a hasty sketch of a London clothes-shop with children playing before its windows, a mere fragment, but characteristic, and, as an autograph-plate, worth ten times the price of the magazine, sixpence. Amateurs who are wise will send at once for it to the publishers, Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., Paternoster Square, E. C. The "Songs" published in *The Whirlwind* are all out of print. They sold originally for a penny, but now bring guineas. They are printed in black, but it is rumored that Mr. Whistler has fathomed the mysteries of color lithography, and that some essays in that art will appear before long bearing the familiar sign of the butterfly. Mr. Whistler is to have an exhibition of his works in London this winter. It will bring forward many pictures that have not been seen in public before.

The sale of paintings by Franz Courtens, of Brussels, at the Fifth Avenue Galleries, was as near an absolute failure as possible. There were fifty marines, landscapes and landscapes with figures, all bright and fresh, on new canvases and in new frames. For one thing, there were too many of them at once; for another, they were not shown long enough and advertised enough. And above all, they were in the hands of a Cheap John chromo house that made an advertisement out of them at the expense of the unfortunate artist. It is a pity, for really Courtens is a clever painter in the dashingly popular style of Fortuné's day.

TEA-ROOT CARVINGS

(Special Correspondence of THE COLLECTOR.)

AMOY, CHINA. January 15th, 1892.

FOR more than a hundred generations, there has been a guild of artists in this populous province of Fo-kien whose life-work is the conversion of the gnarled and interlaced roots of the tea tree into things of beauty, that is, beauty from a celestial point of view. The herb whose leaves gladden western palates in the form of Oolong, Hyson and Souchong is a hardy plant and takes a firm hold on mother earth. Its roots seem to have no regular law of growth. Sometimes they develop very much as a beard sprouts from the chin; at others they separate and move along parallel lines as if they were a lignose centipede. In general it may be said that they make one large, clumsy mass from which shoot out any where from three to thirty rootlets. Their surface is never smooth, but always irregularly corrugated. The value of a root depends upon its size, its outline, its freedom from decay and its suggestiveness of some everyday object. It is rare that a main root or root-mass is more than six inches in diameter. Such belong to trees ranging in age from thirty years to a century. Infrequently they attain to twelve and fifteen inches, and are then said by Chinese experts to be four and five hundred years old.

The roots are dug from the soil, and allowed to thoroughly dry in the open air under a shed or else in a moderately warm room. The loose earth is carefully removed, as is the loose bark and all pieces decayed, cracked or worm-eaten. The artist then determines what it is to be. The favorite types are dragons, buffalos, cows, carnivores, bears, mandarins, priests, howling dervishes, dancers or mythic heroes. If the root cannot be worked into one of these shapes, it is converted into a pedestal or platform for a figure piece. The primary operation consists in sawing it into rough shape. This is done with a fine cross-cut, and the clean edges removed by rubbing them on tiles or bricks. Sometimes a root is bent, by softening it with steam or boiling-water and then twisting it in any desired direction.

Now comes the hardest task of all. The most valued piece is that which shows no art and seems perfectly natural. The carver goes over the block removing here a fibre and there a set of roots, here thinning out one on the under side and forcing it down and there burning another and expanding it at the burned point. I have one in my drawing-room which is a capital figure of a dragon, rearing and opening his jaws as if to spring upon his prey. Careful examination shows that nothing has been added to the mass, but that hundreds of fibres, knots and corrugations have been skilfully removed.

In nearly every instance, a human figure made in the same manner, or carved from a wood of the same color, or else made partly from tea-roots and partly from carved wood is added to the first piece. The designs are endless in this field. Learned men lecturing birds, mandarins standing on dragons, boys riding cows and other ridiculous quadrupeds, dancing beggars, men fighting each other are the commonest groups, but of the more uncommon there are thousands. One famous artist in Foochow claims to have produced with the aid of his apprentices over fifty thousand different designs, and judging from his stock on hand, his claim seems reasonable enough.

The tea-root carvings are seldom very costly, running from fifty cents to one hundred dollars. Nine-tenths bring less than \$2 each. A handsome set of a dozen can be purchased for \$20; which will decorate a drawing-room or hall better than bric-a-brac many times more expensive. The figures are strong, durable and in no danger of fracture by Bridget or Ah Sin. Outside of their esthetic value, they are of interest in showing the wonderful ingenuity and economy of our Chinese cousins.

WILLIAM E. S. FALES.

Some prices at a recent London sale were: Walton and Cotton's "Complete Angler," in the original boards, £5 7s. 6d.; first edition of Leigh Hunt's "The Town," in original cloth, £5 5s.; Coleridge's "Poetical Works," some first editions, £16 10s.; first edition of Bewick's "British Birds," large paper, £6 10s.; Mandeville's "Voyages," black letter, rare edition, printed at Lyon by Chaussart, £7 5s.; Greek Psalter, cut into, mentioned in catalogue published by Aldus in 1498, £8 15s.; "Album of Autographs," the correspondence of J. R. Planche, the dramatist, in two volumes—£10; complete set of etchings and woodcuts from Cruikshank's "Comic Almanack" and duplicate set, £12; second folio Shakespeare, imperfect, £9 5s.; Froissart's "Les Croniques de France," etc., four volumes in three, black letter, circa 1510, £8 10s.; Beaumont and Fletcher, Dyce edition, £9 5s.; Bewick's "Birds," first edition, large paper, £6; Turner's "Pictorial Views," largest paper, £30.